## TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR---NO. 1241.

POETRY. The Angels of the House.

he decided beforehand he wouldn't accept if offered. He felt that it would humiliate him in his own estimation. As to the call, however, that was only the dictate of courtesy, since it was made at the request of Mr. Danforth.

It was a large stone building divided up into offices, to which Harry had been directed. Mr. Danforth's office he found after a little search, upon the second floor.

He opened the door with a little embarrassment, and glanced about him.

Here was an inner office, the door of which was closed. The only one whom he saw was a boy, apparently about his own age, writing.

This boy looked round as Harry entered, and our hero at once recognized in him an old acquaintance.

He decided beforehand he wouldn't accept if of-fered. He felt that it would have been divided up into offices, to which Harry had been directed. Mr. I should think that would have been enought to have taken quite a fancy to him. Poor't yet think—hel hel—someone who was in there ask if the help in the harry that been enought to have taken quite a fancy to him. Poor't yet think—hel hel—someone who was in there ask if the help in the help in the form the truth.

"What could have brought the boy to Dar forth's notice?" asked Dawkins senior.

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our bero at once recognized in him an old ac-quaintance.

"George Dawkins!" he exclaimed.

The latter answered in a careless, indifferent tone, not exhibiting any very decided pleasure in meeting his old schoolmate. "O, it's you, Conant, is i!?"

"Yes," said Harry. "I havn't seen you since you left our school."

Harry could not help feeling a little chilled by

Harry could not help feeling a little chilled by the cool, nonchalant manner in which his ad-vances were met. He had been really glad to see Dawkins, and had addressed him with cordi-ality. The thought of the wrong which the other had sought to do him had never entered his mind, until Dawkins' manner forced him to remember it.

As the conversation began to flag, Harry was reminded of his errand by Dawkins, say-

ng: "Is there anything I can do for you this morning?" "I called to see Mr. Danforth," remarked

"I called by his appointment," said Harry, "Mrs. Edward Danforth!" repeated the sex-ton, on hearing the story of Harry's exploit, "why, her husband attends our church." gravely.
"O, indeed," said Dawkins, a little surprised, wondering what business our hero could have with his employer. "Can he be fishing for a

place?

"He's busy just now with a gentleman in his office, but if you'll sit down and amuse yourself, no doubt you can see him by and-bye."

Having said this with a condescending air, but it is not began to work

dustry.

Some ten minutes afterwards, the door of the inner office opened, and two gentlemen came

out.
One was a gentleman of fifty, a business friend of Mr. Danforth's. The other was Mr. Danforth himself.
The former remarked, on seeing Harry, "Is "No," said Mr. Danforth, nodding in a friend-

nephew."
Mr. Danforth looked scrutinizingly at Harry.
There was quite a resemblance, and Mr. Dan-There was quite a resonance forth was struck by it.
"I believe there is a likeness," he said, "Yet I know of no relationship. Good morning, Mr. Jones—when will you call again about that

"At ten o'clock to-morrow morning, if I can get away."
"Very well."

'Is Mrs. Danforth in?" inquired Harry, a little Harry followed the merchant into the office. The door was closed behind them, much to the regret of Dawkins, who was not without his share of curiosity, and was very anxious to find out what terrible business Harry Conant could

"I like the boy," thought Mr. Danforth.—
"He is certainly quite superior to the common

He was especially attracted by some engrav

"Harry Conant."
"Do your parents reside in the city? I supse they do."
"I have no parents," said Harry, soberly.
"Then, with whom do you live?" pursued Mr.

With Mr. Hugh Cameron, the sexton," ans-

"What are your plans for the future?" asked e merchant, kindly. "should be glad to enter into a merchant's

nich Mr. Danforth set a high value.
The latter surveyed the address with approl, and raid, "I am glad you have so excellent
busines shand."
"It will be of material assistance to you in

orth, smiling.
"I am very much obliged to you," said Harry,

"I am very fluctioning to you, sale transported ly, "I was prepared to give it to you when you came in," said Mr. Danforth, "In case I found you qualified. The superiority of your handwriting decides me, Can you come next Mon-

Who is it ?

"The adopted son of old Cameron, the Sexder at Mr. Danforth having such bad taste.
There are many boys of genteel family who would have been glad of the chance. This boy is a low fellow, of course?

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1859.

little twinge at stating what he knew to be so far from the truth.

"What could have brought the boy to Danforth's notice?" asked Dawkins senior.

"I don't know, I'm "enre. Somehow he seems to have taken quite a fancy to him. Pon't you think—he! he!—someone who was in there asked if Conant weren't Mr. Danforth's son, preconding to see a resemblance?"

if Conant weren't Mr. Daniorth's son, pretend-ing to see a resemblance?"
"I should think that would have been enough to have sickened him of his favoritism. How-ever, there's one thing. George, that is due to your family and bringing up—not to associate with this low fellow any more than business re-onires."

ly. He was the worthy son of such percats. CHAPTER XXXIV.

Since our here has secured an excellent place, we may venture to leave him for a short time, and go back to Wrenville.

Squire Benjamin Newcome was as pompous as ever. It is very comfortable to feel that one is the magnate of a village, even if it be no larger than Wrenville. So squire Newcome, who was First Selectman, Chairman of the School Committee, and of the Overseers of the Poor, as well as Justice of the Peace, might well be pardoned for considering himself a great man.

"Ting-a-ling-ling," went Squire Newcome's door bell.

It may be remarked that his was the only

house in the place which had abjured the old fashioned knecker, so much in vogne among our ancestors, and still helding its ground in such quiet places as Wrenville.

quiet places as Wrenville.

There was a pause of expectation on the part of the new-comer who was soliciting admittance.

Just at that moment, Hannah, the maid of all work, with whom the reader is already acquainted, was busily engaged in the cellar and did not hear the beft.

"Ting-a-ling ling," it sounded again.
"Where can Hannah be?" thought the Souire.

"Hannah!" he exclaimed, not hearing the hand-maiden's steps.
"Ting-a-ling-ling!"
Now Squire Newcome might have gone to the door himself. Perhaps that would have been the speediest way of settling the matter. But on the other hand he felt that it would have been derogatory to his dignity to perform the office of a hired servant. So he went out into been derogatory to his dignity to perform the office of a hired servant. So he went out into the entry, and called again in a loud impressive voice, "Hannah!"

Hannah came up looking very red, and wents to the do r.

Meanwhile Squire Newcome walked majesti-

cally into the parior, and sat down in his usua bolterect attitude by the table. Hannah ushered in the visitor, at whom the

"Take a seat, madam," said the Squire, stiffly.

She sank into the nearest chair.

"If you have business with me," said the
Squire, pompously. "I am at leisure, and will
give you my immediated attention."

The woman's lip curled—just a little—but the
Squire did not notice it. He was so secure in
his own self-consciousness, that the thought of
any one's laughing at him never could enter his
mind.

"I wish to inquire about a woman by the name of Conant that used to live in this town I am told hat you would know something about her."
"Ab yes, I do recollect the woman. In fact,

ago."
"Leaving a boy?"
"Yes, she had a son."
"Certainly, I mean her son. What became of him?"
"M:s. Conant, his mother, died in indigen circumstances—she was very poor, in fact—and when she died it was found necessary that the son should be taken care of at the public

"Your supposition is natural, but is not cor-

"Your supposition is natural, but is not correct, notwithstanding," said Squire Newcome.
"If he is not in the Poor House where is he?"
asked the visitor.
"That is a question which is much more
easily asked than answered," said he.
"You mean that you don't know."
Squire Newcome gazed severely at the visitor
who ventured to treat him thus unceremoniously. However, he contented himself with sayine:

which the establishment was conducted—there-by," the Squire continued severely, "reflecting upon the Overseers of the Poor who constitute the Board of Managers, and of whom I may re-mark by the way, I have the honor to be the Chairman. In an evil hour the rash boy, with the heedlessness and precipitancy of youth, de-serted the asylum which had been opened to him and left the justitution, and in spite, of the

woman, rising abruptly. "Good morning, sir."
"Good morning." said the Squire, thinking to himself, "what a very singular woman!"
The latter passed out of the gate, and walked rapidly along the street. The sound of a boy's feet, whose rapid clatter indicated that he was running, sounded upon her ear.

She turned around, and caught sight of Ben-jamin, the Squire's promising son, who had not yet acquired his father's dignity of deportment.

"I say," he called out, "warn't you asking about Harry Conant?"
"Yes," said the woman eagerly. "Do you know anything about him?"

"No, not exactly, but I can tell you of melody that I guess does."

omenody that I guess does."

'Who is it?"

'tt's Aunt Lucy Lee."

'Where does she live?"

'Over at the Poor House, and a pretty poor ouse I guess it is under old Mudge and his cife." Thank you. Wou have done me a service.

"I wonder who in thunder she is!" thought Ben, shading his eyes as he looked after her She's a clipper."
Perhaps the reader will already have recognized her as Felipa Morna.

Aunt Lucy Lee had not been forgotten by our young here. As soon as he had obtained a settled home with the sexton, he wrote to inform her of it, and she shed tears of joy at his good fortune. Yet she was not without a saf feeling when she thought how desolate her own future life must be, its hardships aggravated by the petty persecutions of Mrs. Mudge.

That lady was filled with a strong feeling of curiosity to learn who Aunt Lucy's correspondent.

uriosity to learn who Aunt Lucy's correspondent could be. But that the letter was firmly enclosed in an envelope, she would have attempt ed to peep in, but there seemed to be no way

Still she determined to read it sooner or later—the more so, that she suspected it to be from Harry, and she was desirous of finding out what had become of him.

Her best plan seemed to be this:

She suspected that Aunt Lucy would leave it in the little chest which was appropriated to her limited wardrobe, and which was kept in the room where she slept. The key of this chest had been lest, and although Aunt Lucy had repeatedly requested that a new one should be obtained. Mrs. Mudge had seen fit to neg ect the requisition, as it would interfere with purposes of her own, the character of which may be guessed at.

was his, would be laid away in this cheet.

Accordingly, a day or two after the letter had been received, alse left her ironing, for a search. ocen received, and left her ironiug, for a search. As a prudent precaution, however, she just opened the door of the common room to make sure that Annt Lucy Lee was at work therein. She took her way up stairs, and entering ith room in which Aunt Lucy lodged together with two others, she at once went to the chest and three it come.

two others, are at once went to the chest and threw it open.

She began to rummage round among the old lady's scanty treasures, and at length, much to her joy, encountered the letter laid away in one corner of the chest. She knew it was the one she sought from the post-mark. New York."

She drew the letter from the envelope, and

glanced at the signature.
She was right, then. It was from Harry Co-"Now, I'll see what that little scapegrace has

to say for himself. I hope he's in distress. O, how I'd like to get hold of him."

But she was destined to be interrupted. To secount for this, we must explain that a me account for this, we must explain that a mement after Mrs. Mudge looked into the common room, Aunt Lucy was reminded of some essential to her work which had been left up stairs. She accordingly laid down her work in the chair on which she had been sitting, and went up stairs. up stairs.

Mrs. Mudge was so much preoccupied that the

Mrs. Mudge was so much preoccupied that the did not hear her advancing steps.

As the old lady entered the chamber, what was her mingled indignation and dismay at seeing Mrs. Mudge on her knees, before her chest, with the precious letter, whose arrival had gladdened her so much, in her hands.

"What are you doing, Mrs. Mudge?" said she, shortly.

shortly.

Mrs. Mudge rore from her knees in confusion. "Tut down that letter," said the old lady, with a air of command.

Mrs. Mudge who had not recovered her scat-

Aunt Lucy walked hastily to the chest and closed it, first securing the letter.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Mrs. Mudge?" said she indignantly.
"Ashamed of myself!" shrieked that amiable

"Ashamed of myself!" shricked that amiable lady, first finding voice. "What do you mean, you—you pauper?"

"I may be a pauper," said Aunt Lucy, calmly, "but I am thankful to say that I mind my own business, and don't meddle with other people's chests."

"Do you mean to say that I don't mind my "Do you mean to say that I don't mind my business?" exclaimed the vixen, defiantly. "What were you at my trunk for?" said the

old lady, directly.
"Because it was my duty," was the brazen reply. "Your duty!" repeated Aunt Lucy, in a tone

"Your duty!" repeated Aunt Lucy, in a tone of astenishment.

"Yes. I felt sure that your letter was from Harry Conant, and as he ran away from me and my husband, who were his lawful guardians, I took that means of finding out where he was."

"He is beyond your reach, thank Providence," said Aunt Lucy. "That is enough for you to know. As for this letter, I will take care that you never have a patcher charge to see the you never have another chance to see it. And if I ever catch you going to my chest again, Mrs. Mudge, '" Well, ma'am, what "-

"Well, ma'am, what"—
"The overseers of the poor shall hear of it."
"Hoity totty," said Mrs. Mudge, but she was a little alarmed, nevertheless, as such an appeal might prove prejudicial to her interests.
So, from time to time Aunt Lucy received letters from Harry which kept her acquainted with his progress at school. These letters were very precious to the old lady, and she read them over many times. They formed a bright link of interest which bound her to the outside world, and enabled her to bear up with more cheerfulness against the tyranny of Mrs. Mudge. We now return to Felipa Morna, who after leaving Squire Newcome's without obtaining the information she sought, had been advised to have recourse to aunt Lucy Lee.

have recourse to Aunt Lucy Lee.

Mrs. Mudge was somewhat surprised, on answering a knock at the outer door, one afternoon, to find fronting her a tall, dignified woman, somewhat advanced in years.

'I wish to see Aunt Lucy Lee," said the stranger; "I am told that she resides here."

'O, yes," said Mrs. Mudge, with something

of a sneer. "She is one of our paupers."
"Can I see her?"
"I see her?"
"I see her?"
"I believe not. I would rather have her come out, if she will."

birs. Mudge was somewhat disappointed, as ahe had hoped to hear the conversation. However, she could not avoid calling Aunt Lucy out, though she did so ungraciously.
"A visitor for me!" thought the old lady, in surprise. "That is something strange."

surprise. "That is something strange."
She, however, went to the door.
"I have something to say to you," said Felipa,
"though you do not know me. Have you any
objection to getting your bonnet, and walking a

httle way?"
Aunt Lucy did so.
"I have been told," said Felips, when they
were at a little distance from the house, "that
you know something of the boy—Harry Co-"I do," said the old lady.

"Can you tell me where he is?"
"Yes," said Aunt Lucy, cautiously, I can do
to, but you must first tell me whether you are
t friend of his."

a friend of his."

"I have not always been," said Felipa, "but I am now. In brief, for I do not care to keep it a secret, I did him an injury in his early life, un der the influence of revenge, which I am now desirous of repairing."

"Were you angry with him? What harm had he done you?"

"he had done none. I had a grudge against his mother. Now, do you feel sufficient confidence in me to reveal his whereabouts?"

The old lady looked anxiously in the face of

The old lady looked anxiously in the face of her companion. Apparently the scrutiny proved satisfactory, for she replied "I think by your face that you are speaking the truth, and con-cealing nothing. I will tell you all that I This she accordingly did.

This she accordingly did.
Felipa took out a tablet, and noted down what
she deemed desirable, and then saying, "You
have done the boy a greater service than you
imagine," she bowed gravely, and turning away
swiftly, disappeared.
Aunt Lucy slowly returned to the Poor House.
Mrs. Mudge looked up as she entered the
door.

or. "So it seems you have a secret, my lady. It on't speak very well for you, I can tell you

that, to go trapesing round with stragglers, talking secrets. She looked like a jail-bird." Aunt Lucy deigned no reply, and the curiosi-ty of Mrs. Mudge was doomed to remain un-

## CHAPTER XXXVI. A BACKWARD GLANCE.

It is due to my readers to explain a circumstance which has already, no doubt, excited their

surprise.

1 refer to the change which had con o er the Trefer to the change which had con •o er the feelings of the Spanish nurse, Felipa Morna, and which, as we have seen, had induced her to seek out the boy she had wronged, in order that she might do what she could towards repara ion. In the first place, then, let it be understood that Felipa had become what she was less from a deprayed nature than from the force of circumstant lets. a depraved nature than from the force of circumstances. Her marriage had not been a fortunate one. Francesco was a man of no principle. He was one of those who seem born to do harm to socie y, rather than to benefit it. He had, indeed, been compelled to leave his native land in consequence of having made himself, for some offence, amenable to its outraged laws.

In spite, however, of his worthlessness, Felipa loved him with an earnestness which could scarcely have been expected from one of her calm exterior. Doubtless her fancy conjured up merits which it would have been hard for less merits which it would have been hard for le partial eyes to discern. Taking advantage then of her affection for him, Francesco did not find it difficult to obtain his wife's co-operation in his

illicit plans.
These, as the reader may gather from the account which has already been given, included count which has already been given, included robbery.

Francesco had been successful, through his wife's assistance, in securing Mr. Danforth's plate. This he succeeded in getting rid of through agencies which his means of information early enabled him to find. He had hoped, also, that Felipa would be successful in purloining the diamond necklace, which would have been a visco of count rather.

soned. This was inconvenient to Francesco, otherwise This was inconvenient to Francesco, otherwise he wood have cared little for it, since he returned but a very small share of the devoted affection which his wife felt for him.

It was partly through assistance which he rendered, that his wife succeeded in escaping from the prison at the end of about ten months.

Her first care after her self-release, was to

say a more daing robbers still—that of the coung child of her former employers.

In this, too, as we have seen, she was successed.

After this, prudence dictated that they should of remain lenger in New York. Accordingly, ith what remained of their unlawful gains, any smigrated to a western city, when, grows any smigrated to a western city, when, grows any smigrated to a western city, when, though neither rich nor fashionable, had ster fing merits sufficient to outweigh Daw-kins, and all his family with him.

It did, however, have this effect, to Dawkins, himself.

The latter of daining neither rich nor fashionable, had ster fing merits sufficient to outweigh Daw-kins, and all his family with him.

It did, however, have this effect, to Dawkins, himself. essay a more doing robbers still—that of the young child of her fermer employers.

In this, too, as we have seen, she was successful.

not remain lenger in New York. Accordingly, with what remained of their unlawful gams, they emigrated to a western city, when, grown tired of the risks of burglary, Francesco settled down to the honest occupation of keeper of a low groggery in one of the most notorious streets. This was hardly what Felipa had expected when she pictured to her imagination a home in the West, where they would live tranquilly and handly together.

the West, where they would live transpurity and has pily together.

Here she was surrounded by the lowest associations—from which, to do her justice, hereoil receiled with abhorrence. Though she had not scrupied to steal, greveiling vice and bestial drunkenness had no charms for her.

She sometimes sought to obtain her husband's consent to some such pian as she had anticipated.

pated. "What, go out and vegetate on a farm, work "What, go out and vegetate on a farm, work hard sil day, and earn just enough to live ou? No. Felipa, that wouldn't suit me at all. I wasn't made to work. I enjoy best living by my wits. Let those that like to work go to farming. You won't careh me at it."
"Bat," pleaded his wife, "it would be an improvement at least on this filthy place, filled from morning till night with reeling drunkards."

ards."
Why, that's just what I like, old lady. This is what I call life. I want excitement."
"I am afraid you drink too much yourself,
Francesco. You will certainly shorten your

life."
"All stuff! Liquor's healthy, if you only get "All stuff! Liquor's healthy, if you only get used to it. It's just what the constitution wants —only you mustn't be afraid of it. If you only take one glass a day, you'll never get used to it, and so it'll do you harm."

Francesco, the author of this ingenious mode

of philosophizing, was certainly in no danger of injuring humself from any failure on the part of his constitution to get used to drank. Felina saw with sorrow that the habit of drink-

ing was increasing upon him daily. Nay, more than this, it was beginning to have an effect upon his temper. It made him megose and ill-tempered, and the consequence was, that at length it became dangerous for his wife to be near him when he was under the influence

drink.

Thus they passed ten or more miserable years, in which Fetipa atoned by her misery for that which she had brought on the desorate mother, whose poignant suffering for the loss of her child had now become somewhat softened by the ben-lacent influence of time.

At length Fetipa's circumstances changed for the better in the only way which would have been an improvement.

en an improvement.
I er husband died.
His death was a violent one. His death was a violent one.

While crazed with drink he had got into a quarrel with one who was nearly as much affected as himself. Words of defiance passed between them, and Francesco seiging a club, aimed an ineffectual blow at the other. His opponent, maddened by this, snatched the weapon from his grasp, and in turn aimed a blow at Francesco's head. This was more accurately delivered, and the result was fatal!

When Felips, rushing into the room, at the sound, beheld her husband prostrate and insensible—sink into a stupor from which he never emerged, she uttered a great cry, and debased,

emerged, she uttered a great cry, and debased brutish as he had become, clung to him with bruth as no nad occope, clung to him with despairing affection.

But her grief was vain to call him back, and it was well for her that this was the case. His murderer escaped, and Felipa closed up the business in which he had been sugaged. With the proceeds she took her way to New York.

fork.

Gradually a new resolution had been forming within her. By the death of her husband, the strongest tie which bound her to the life she had

been leading was broken, and she resolved to dedicate the remainder of her life to something nore worthy.
She sought refuge from the world in a con-The priest who received her confession asked

"Is this boy yet living whom you stole while an infant?"
"I don't know, my father."

"Then you have never heard from him since 'No."

'Do you remember the name of the family with whom he was left?"

"It was Conant."

"And you think they adopted him?"

"They were very likely to do so, as they had no children of their own."

"My daughter, there is one duty which is imperative before you can be received into this anctuary of the Church. Are you prepared to do it?"

What is it, my father ?" "It is to make reparation for the wrong you have committed against Heaven and this fam-

"You cannot do it?"
"You cannot do it entirely. You cannot recall or change the years of pain, and sorrowful
anxiety which you have been the means of
bringing to the parents, but you can do something to show your sincere repentance."

"Speck, father, I am ready to do what re-

"You must seek out this child, wherever you think he is likely to be found, and whenever you have found him, you must take measures to restore him to his parents."

'I will do so, father."

That is right, my daughter. Your prompt consent to do what I have enjoined, testifies to me that your repentance is sincere, and for such me that your rependance."
there is always hope."
In accordance with her new-born resolution,
Felipa took the measures with which the reader
has already been made acquainted, and was put
hatrack of discovery. On leaving the Wrenon the track of discovery. On leaving the Wren-ville Poor House, she at once turned her steps toward New York, whither we will precede her.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

The delight of the kind-hearted sexton and his wife can be readily imagined, when they heard from Harry's lips, of his success in obtaining a place in Mr. Danforth's counting room. "He is a high-minded, and honorable man. said Hugh Cameron, "and that is a great thing in an a uployer. Then it is just the situation that you have been desiring, and if you are as faithful as I am assured you will be, you will, no oubt, be rapidly advanced."
"I shall try to do my duty," said Harry, ear-

nestly. "If you try, there is no doubt that you will succeed," said the sexton. "Failure most ger erally comes from not trying; in earnest,

mean."

It was with this spirit that Harry entered Mr. Danforth's counting room. Everything seemed so bright, that there seemed to be no drawback. There was one, however, as he soon found. His old school-mate, Dawkins, so far from fraternizon school-mate, Dawkins, so far from fraterizing with him, as Harry was prepared to do, exhibited a degree of hauteur, who at once repelled our hero. Harry was no milk and water character, as I think my readers will have judged before this. He had a manly, independent spirit, and a proper amount of self-respect. Therefore, finding that George Dawkins was not disposed to respond to his advances, he caused to make them. finding that George Dawkins was not unposed to respond to his advances, he ceased to make them, and became as reserved as Dawkins himself.

One day a friend of Dawkins chanced to visit the counting-room, and engaged in conversation

ith him.

Harry, whose desk was at some little distance from that of Dawkins, chanced to overhear a portion of the conversation.

"Who is the boy writing at the other desk?"

inquired the visitor. 'His name is Conant," answe.ed Dawkins. shortly. "What fort of a fellow is he?" was the next question.
"Rather low."
"A low family?"

"The adopted son of an old sexton, I be-"What in the world did Mr. Danforth take such a person into the counting-room for?" said the visitor.

e visitor.
"It must have been out of pity, I suppose."
"Of course, you don't feel like associating with "No more than I can help in the way of busi-

This conversation was carried on in a low tone, out Harry could not avoid hearing the greater His cheek burned with indignation at the mis

ONE DOLLAR FOR 16 MONTHS.

of Dawkirs, 'timself.'
The 'a ter,' 'id not fail to notice his change of manner.

"Putting on airs, is he?" thought Dawkins, with a sneer. "Very well, they become such a beggar's brat as he is, to be sure."

Sometimes Hugh Cameron came in to see how his youthful protege was getting on. Now, if Harry had had any f. the pride, he would have appeared ill at ease at such times, and discouraged them; but on the co. trary, he was delighted to have his old friend look in upon him, and never paid the slightest regare 'to the jeering way in which Dawkins regarded them both.

When Hugh Cameron m, ade his first visit, it chanced that Harry was or ut, and Dawkins was the only one in the counting '-room.

The sexton, never suspect. By the feelings with which Dawkins regarded him, said to him pleasantly. "Will Harry Conant I we in soon?"

"I really couldn't say," sa, id Dawkins, not looking up from his writing.

"I presume he is very busy," thought Hugh Cameron, in excuse for the other, 't inevility.

He seated himself, and commen, not reading a paper.

paper.
Meanwhile, Dawkins apparently Anished his writing. "You must be company for each cvier," ob-

"You must be company for each offer," observed the sexton.

"Business is so proseing, that we have me time for such things," said Dawkins, stiffly.

Repelled by this answer, Hugh Cameros wisely forebore to say anything more, till Harry made his appearance, when Dawkins took the opportunity to withdraw.

"Your fellow clerk is not very social," observed the extension.

ed the sexton.
"Has he been impertinent?" asked Har y;

suspiciously.
"No, but he answered me rather shortly." "The fact is," said Harry, smiling, "he is of a weathy family, and I am inclined to think he considers me beneath him, for which reason he does not condescend to take much notice of

me."
"I hope that does not trouble you, Harry."
"Not in the least, Uncle Hugh. So far a pride goes, indeed, I believe I have as much a believe at Dawkins himself. that article as Dawkins himself. "Dawkins, did you say his name was?"
"Yes, do you know anything of his family?"
"It is very singular," said the sexton, mus-

ing. ...What is singular, Uncle Hugh?" "He trea of me to short answers, because he considered my office not a very aristocratic one, and yet—would you believe it, Harry?—his own grandfather occupied a similar one."
"His grandfather was a sexton?" said Har-

"Yes; I knew him well, thirty or forty years "1es; I knew him well, thirty or forty years since. His son, however, managed to get into a good business, and married a woman who was proud, though it is difficult to say of what, and the consequence is, that the family now assume aristocratic airs, and look down upon those of their way former rock." their own former rank." "I wonder what Dawkins would say, if I

should remind him of that little circumstance."
"He would be confused and angry. I have no doubt; but let him cherish his pride if he sees fit. It can harm no one." It can harm no one."
"I believe you are right, Uncle Hugh. It doesn't trouble me at all, and it gratifies him. I don't feel inclined to interfere."
At this moment, Mr. Danforth entered the of-

At this moment, Mr. Danforth entered the office.

His reception of the sexton was as different as could readily be imagined, from the greeting of George Dawkins.

"How do you do, Mr. Camer n?" he said, extending his hand with a smile of welcome. "I believe this is the first time that I have seen you in my counting-room. I hope that it will not be to last."

"Both Harry and myself are under great obligations to you, Mr. Danforth, for your kindness in offering him so desirable a situation. I understand too well the difficulty of obtaining such situations, and the great number with a real-

in ordering hits so desirable a situation. I understand too well the difficulty of obtaining such situations, and the great number who apply for them, not to appreciate your preference."

"My good friend, it is my opinion, that a good and faithful clerk, lays his employer under obligations, and I have no doubt that I shall be abundantly satisfied with your son."

The sexton's eyes glistened with affectionate pride, as he heard this commendation of one whom he loved quite as well as if he had really teen bound to him by the ties of blood.

"I am gratified to hear you say so, Mr. Danforth," said he. "I can only say, that if Harry proves as faithful and unexceptionable as I have ever found him to be, that I do not anticipate any ground of dissatisfaction on your part."

The reader is not to suppose that all this was said in Harry's presence. It would have been ill-judged, however much he deserved it. Mr. Danforth had invited the sexton into his little office.

The latter, after a little more convergation reco

office.

The latter, after a little more conversation, rose to go, feeling a delicacy in intruding longer upon the merchant's time, which he felt must be very

valuable.

As he rose to go, he received a very cordial invitation to call again, and often.

Mr. Danforth accompanied him to the door.

"What a fuss Mr. Danforth makes over that low person," thought Dawkins, who had by this time returned to his desk.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Danforth was receiving a visitor of innectance.

## visitor of importance. CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A VULGAR RELATION. As Harry was returning from dinner, he was addenly aroused by hearing a voice calling "Harry Conant!"

Locking up in some surprise, he found that it proceeded from a man just behind him, who eagerly extended his hand, saying: "You haven't forgotten your old friend, Jehosophat Stubbs, have you?" have you?"
It was indeed the worthy peddler, attired in all the glory of a blue coat with brass buttons, and swallow-tails.
"You see," said he complacently, "I've got my

"You see," said he compacently, "I ve got my Sunday go-to meetin's on. "Tain't every day I come to New York. But I say, how you've grown! I shouldn't hardly have know'd you." "Shouldn't you, though?" said Harry, gratified "But if you will excuse my curiosity, what

calls you to the city?"

'Oh, I thought I'd kinder like to have a vacation. You see this is the first time I was ever here. Besides the old lady wanted a silk dress, and she said it wasn't going to be bought any-where else than at York. So on the whole I con-

cluded to come down."
"When did you arrive?"

"Yesterday morning. "Yesterday morning."
"And where do you put up?"
"To the Aster House."
"Indeed. You travel in style."
"I suppose they charge considerable. I didn't
k how much, because I felt a kind of ashamed

ask now index, occase t telt a kind of ashamed to; but if you know, I wish you'd tell me,"
"Their charge is two dollars and a half,"
"Well, I call that protty reasonable. That ain't scarcely any more than they charge down to our place. I reckoned they might ask as high as five dollars." "What! Five dollars a day!" repeated Harry

omewhat astonished.

"A day!" echoed the peddler, stopping short.
"You don't mean to say it's two dollars and a half a day, they charge?"

"Certainly Ido." "Oh, Lord! and I've stopped there most two days. What would Mrs. Stubbs say to such ex-travagance? I shall have to leave New York right off, or I shall be ruined."
"I can direct you to a cheaper hotel," said
Harry, "where you can get along for a dollar a

"Can you, though? I'll go there for certain, "Can you, though? I'll go there for curtain. What will the old woman say, when she finds how much I've been paying?"
"Ho v have you enjoyed yourself, since you reached New York?"
"Oh, pretty well. I've been round seeing the lion, and came pretty near seeing the elephant, at one of them Peter Funk places."

"Oh, pretty well. I've been round seeing the lion, and came pretty near seeing the elephant, at one of them Peter Funk places."
"You did! Tell me about it."
"You see I was walking along, when a feller came out from one of them places, and asked me if I wouldn't go in. I didn't want to refuse such a polite invitation, and besides, I had a curiosity to see what there was to be seen, so in I went. "I had hardly got in, when they put up a silver watch. I could see that it was a good one, and so I bid on it. It ran up to six dollars and a quarier. I thought it was a pity it should go off so cheap, so I bid six and a balf.
"Six and a half, and sold, said the man. "Shall I put it up for you?"
"No, I thank you," said I, 'Pil take it as it is,'

"Never mind about that,' said I. 7 don's

care for the box."

"He seemed very unwilling to let it go, but I just put out my hand and took it, and then had to. Well, when they made out the bill, what do you suppose they made it out?"

"I don't know."

"Why, sixteen and a half.

"Lock here, said I, 'I guess here's something of a mistake. It wasn't sixteen, it was six that was bid for this watch."

"I think you must be mistaken, said he, smiling a foxy smile.

"You know I am not, said I, rather cross, "We can't let that go for anything shorter, said he, coelly.

said he, coelly.

"Just then, a man tha was present, said:
This man is right, don't attempt to impose of

With that, he coined right down. It become i was a policeman who was sent to watch them, that spoke. So I paid the money, but as I went cut, I heard the auctioneer say that the sale was

cut. I heard the auctioneer say that the sale was closed for the day.

"You came pretty near getting cheated," said the roliceman to me. These fellows are hard customers. As it is, you have got a good burgain. It was lucky you did not allow them to put it in a box. The way they do is, to change if r another that is only plated, and that's the reason they wanted to do it up for you."

"I ve got some relations in the city," parsued the peddier after a pause; "but I don't know where they live." where they live."
"What is the name?' asked Herry. "Possibly I can give you some information."
"The name is Dawkins," answered Mr.

"Dawkins!" repeated Barry, starring at the Yes. Do you happen to know anybody of

"Yes. Do you happen to know anybody of that name?"

"Yes, but I believe it is a rich family."

"Yes, but I believe it is a rich family."

"You fight thick old Jehosaphat Stubbe had any rich relations; but I believe these hold uptheir heads as high se anybody."

"Perhaps I may be mistaken. What is the name—the Christian same, I mean—of the gen—tleman you refer to?"

"George."

"It must be, then. There is a boy of about mer own age of that name. In fact, he is a clerk "You don't say so! Well, that is curious, I declare." iflow are you related to them?" inquired.

Barry,
"Why, you see, I'm cousin to Mr. Dawking.
His father and my mother were brother and sign "What was his fether's business?" asked Har-"I den't know what his rogular business was, but I know he was a sexton in some church."

This talfied with the account which Harry had received from Hugh Cameros, and he could no

longer doubt that, strange as it seemed the wealthy Mr. Dawkins was own cousin to the peddlsr.
He told the peddler se.
"Didn't you say the boy was in the same officer
with you?" asked Jehosaphat.

"Yee."
"Well, I've a great mind to go and see him, and he can tell me where his father lives."
"How shocked Dawkins will be!" thought:
"Harry, n. t, it must be confessed, without a cer-

he can tell me where his father lives."

"How shocked Dawkins will be!" thought Harry, n. t, it must be confessed, without a certain feeling of amusement.

He feel no e-opunction in being instrumental in mertifying the false pride of his fellow-clerk, and he accordingly signified to Mr. Stubbs that he was now on the way to the office.

"Are you though? Well, I guess I'll go along with you. Is it far off?"

"Only in the next street."

The peddler it must be seknowledged, had e-thoroughly countrified appearance. He was a genuine specimen of the Yankee—a long, gaunt figure, somewhat stooping, and with a long nose. His attire has affeady been described.

As Dawkins observed him entering with Harry, he thought with disgust: "There's another of his a sociates. And very well matched they are."

What was his consternation, when the visitor, approaching with a benignant smile, extended his brown hand, and said: "How do you do, George? How are you all at home?"

Dowkins drew back haughtily.
"What do you mean?" he said, pale with pas-

"Mr. Dawkins," said Harry, with suppressed merriment, "allow me to introduce to you your cousin, Mr. Stubbs," explained that individual. "Didn't your father never mention my

ual. "Didn't your father in ame to you?"

"Sir," said Dawkins, darting a furious glance "Sir," said Dawkins, darting a furious glance "said Dawkins, and and an and at Harry, "you are entirely mistaken in suppes-ing that any relationship exists between me and ing that any relationship exists between me and that—person.
"No, it s you that are mistaken," said Mr. Stubbs, persevering. "My mother was Roxanna Dawkins. She was own sister to your grandfather. That makes me and your father cousins. Don't you see?" said he.
"I see that you are intending to insult me," said Dawkins, the more furiously because he began

said Dawkins, the more furbusly because he began to feel that there was some truth in the man's claims. "Mr. Conant, I leave you to entertain your company yourself."

And he threw on his hat, and dashed out of the

And he threw on his nat, and dashed out of the counting-room.

"Well," said the peddler, taking a long breath.

"That s cool—denying his own flesh and blood relations. Rather stuck up, ain't he?"

"He is, somewhat," said Harry. "If I were you, I shouldn't be disposed to own him as a relation." "Darned of I wil!" said Johosaphat, sturdily.
"I have some pride, if I am a peddler."

To to Continued. THE Society of Arts, who managed the first, are about to get up a second World's Fair, or Great Exhibition for 1862.

Halen M. Durssen, a pretty girl of sweet sixteen, and an escaped Mormon, is lecturing on Mormonism in Connecticut. A woman in Bangor has an infant nine weeks old that weighs two pounds and a half. The child weighed just one pound at birth. Two citizens of Missouri, on a tour through Iowa, in search of a runaway save, have been arrested at Fairfield, and put under \$6,000 bonds.

for trial as kidnappers. PHILO P. DAILEY, an ex-School Commissioner, has been detected, so it is charged, in carry-ing on a bogus lottery concern in Chemung county, N. Y., spon the New York City plan.

Five Indian chiefs, representing the remnunt of St. Regis, Iroquois and other tribes on the New York reservation, have gone to Kansas to buy lands for the removal of their people thicher. MR. JOHN FINE, aged 96 years, and Misse ELIZABETH HABLEY, of Davidson county, N.C., were married on the 21st ult. They walked 8 miles to the residence of the magistrate, and after the ceremony was performed walked back.

M. Victor Meunier, a well known scientific writer, informs the world that the next delage will certainly not take place for 6,300 years—a piece of information which will be very satisfactory to the present generation. It is strange that among all the monuments and statues which have been reared in this country, not one exists to the memory of Josef HANCOCK. His remains sleep unnoticed, beneath the soil, which he, with others, freed from

a tyrant's grasp.

Mrs. Paescolt Lawrence, of Winhall, Vt.

Mrs. Prescout Lawrence, of Winhall, Vt., died a few days since of consumption, and as a number of the fau ily had previously died of the same disease, the family went through the superstitious farce of burning the lungs, heart and liver of the deceased to prevent any more from dying of the same disease.

In the town of Pekin, Niagara County, this State, resides San'l Komerts, his wife Salina, and their four daughters. They occupy a farm of a hundred acres, the work of which, such as plowing, logging, planting, hoeing, taking care of teams, &c., has, during the last year, been performed by the mother and daughters.

The Palmer (Mass.) Journal states that a

performed by the mother and daughters.

The Palmer (Mass.) Journal states that a young girl, lifteen years of age, daughter of a wealthy merchant, residing in Harrison square, Dorchester, decamped with a party of Indians who were some time since encamped at East Boston, but who have since removed to Ware Massachusetts. The father went after her and brought her home.

A custous fraud in the sale of hay has been A custous fraud in the sale of hay has been that a person could crawl into a hole left near the bottom of the cart, and in this place a colten that a person could crawl into a hole left near the bottom of the cart, and in this place a colten bottom of the cart, and in this place a colten was in the habit of concealing himself while the hay was being weighed. Some of the purchasors have paid for him a dozen times over.

'Tis said that ever round our path
The unseen ange's stray,
That give us biasfu' dreams by night,
And guard our steps by day.
But there's an anget in the house,
Meek, watchful and sincere,
That whispers words of hope to us
When none beside are near:
It is the one, the chosen one, It is the one, the chosen one, That's linked to us for life :

' I's said that angels walk the earth-I'm sure it must be so—
When round our path, scarce reen by us,
Such bright things come and go.
Arc there not beings by our side
As fair as angels are?
As pure, as stainless, as the forms
That dwell beyond the star?
Yes! there are angels of the earth,
Pure, innewsat, and mild;
The angels of our hearts and homes,
Each loved and loving child.

[J. E. CARPENTER.

MISCELLANEOUS. Written Expressly for the New York San

THE

GIPSY NURSE. MARKED FOR LIFE

By the Author of "The Cooper's Ward," "The

Secret Drawer," "Manson the Miser," Se., Se. CHAPTER XXXII. MRS. DANFORTH AT HOME.

"Why, her husband attends our church."
"Do you know him?" asked Harry, eagerly.
"Only by sight. I know him by reputation however."
"I suppose he is very rich."
"Yes, I should judge so. At any rate, he is doing an extensive business?"
"What is his business?"
"He is a merchant." "A merchant," thought Harry. "That is just what I am wanting to be, but I don't see much

prospect of it."
"I like Mrs. Danforth," he said abruptly, after

"I like Mrs. Danforth," he said abruptly, after shoment's pause.

"I believe she is considered a very amiable and pleasing lady," said Hester.

"It isn't thet," said Harry, ruminating. "I've seen a great many that were amiable and pleasing, that I didn't like half so well. But I seemed to feel at home in Mrs. Danforth's company."

The sexton and his wife did not take any particular notice of this remark. How should they now the undefinable feeling which attracted arry to his mother, even before he had any sustion of the relationship.

The next day Harry waited impatiently until vening should come, in order that he might fulfil his engagement by calling on Mrs. Danforth. He had decided to day to seek out some situation, since he had not succeeded in obtaining an entrance into a nerchant's counting room, but found that he was not in the mood for trying, and resolved to put it off till the next day.

found that he was not in the mood for trying, and resolved to put it off till the next day.

At an early hour in the evening, he paused before the fine house on Fifth Avenue, the number of which he found on his card.

He mounted the steps, and pulled the bell.

It was answered by our old friend Betsy Stone, who was still comely, though somewhat more portly than when we knew her fifteen years since.

"Is Mrs. Danforth in a inquired ranky, and diffidently.

"Yes. At least I believe she is," said Betsy, preposessed in Harry's favor. "Who shall I say wants to see her?"

"I don't think she would know my name," said Harry, smiling, "but if you will tell her that I am the boy whom she toff yesterday to come and see her this evening, she will know who it is."

"What, are you the boy that stopped the horses?" asked Betsy, surveying him with admiration.

"Yes,"
"Yes, a little," said Harry, "but I thought I hould be able to stop them."
"I'll go right up and tell Mrs. Dauforth," said Betsy; "just step into the parlor here, and sit down, while I go up and speak to her." down, while I go up and speak to her."

Harry sat down in a luxurious arm-chair, and
looked about him with admiration. Accustomed
as he was to the plain little parlor of the sex-on's
dwelling, with its straight-backed cane chairs,
and its plain carpet, he found himself surrounded
by evidences of luxury which were quite new to
him.

ings which were hung about the apartment, and hough he did not covet the rich sofas and other durniture, he thought it must be very agreeable to be able to be surrour ded by such pictures. to be able to be surrour ded by such pic.

He was standing in front of an engrave he was aroused by a feet-fall behind urning round he saw Mrs. Danforth advancing owards him with a smiling face and outstretched

lowards him with a smiling face and outstretched hand.

"Well, my young hero," she said, "I see you have not forgotten your appointment. I should have felt disappointed if you had."

"There was no fear of that," said Harry, promptly, and frankly. "I have been looking forward to coming all day."

"Have you indeed?" she said, with a gratified smile. "Then I must try to make the interview a pleasant one. I see you were looking attentively at that engraving. Do you like to look at pictures?" ictures?"
"Yery much."
"Then I will show you some which I collected "Then I will show you some which I collected in Europe. Let us draw near that window."
"Have you been in Europe?" asked Harry.
"How you must have enjoyed it."
"Yes," said Mrs. Danforth. "It was some ourteen or fifteen years ago, however, and I should have enjoyed myself better, if I had not

at that time been in affliction.

The time to which Mrs. Danforth alluded, was hat which immediately followed Harry's loss. n order to dissipate, or at least enable her to iget as far as she could, her excessive grief, Mr. anforth had carried her abroad, where they remained for nearly two years.

Harry little suspected the connection in which estood to the great affliction of which Mrs.

Danforth spoke. Danforth spoke.

He became quite interested in the engravings which Mrs. Danforth exhibited, accompanying hem at the same time, with interesting descriptions, for she was familiar with nearly all of the

laces depicted.
At length the list was run through, and they began to converse on general topics.
"I think you said that you lived with Mr.
Cameron the sexton," said Mrs. Danforth. "Yes," said Harry.
"You have been attending school, I suppose?"
"Yes, I only fixished attending two or three "And new, I suppose, you are looking forward

"And new, I suppose, you are looking forward to entering upon some business?"

"Yes, I am looking forward to it, and have been trying to get into some merchant's counting room, since I gave up school."

"You think then you should like the career\_of merchant's?" "There is nothing that would suit me better."
"You have not succeeded in obtaining applace,

Herry bowed modestly, and after receiving a ordial invitation to repeat his call, withdrew here then ever pleased with Mrs. Danforth. CHAPTER XXXIII. HARRY'S GOOD LUCK.

"Too have set successions and I suppose?"

"No. They are very difficult to get, and I have no influential friends to assist me."

"I wish you all success in your search," said Mrs. Danforth, kindly, "and, by the way, will you call at my husband's counting-room to-merow morning. He wishes to see and thank his

Mr. Bansforth's effice was on Wall street.
Thither Harry betook himself at as early an bourthe next morning as he thought the merchant would be likely to be in.

He felt semewhat awkward in making this He felt somewhat awkward in making this call—more so than be had done in calling upon Mrs. Danforth. It seemed to him as if he were going in order to receive the merchant's hanks, with perhaps a gift, which he

you sell our school."

"No, I believe we have not met," said Daw-kins, in the same tone as before.

"How long have you been in this office?"
asked our bero.

"I really can't say," said Dawkins. Then, observing Harry's look of surprise, "I'm so forgetful."

"Still," thought Harry, extenuatingly, "per-hape that is his way. He may be really glad to see me, and not show it."

It required, however, quite a stretch of char-ity to believe this.

Harry.
"Is the business important?" asked Dawkins, with a sneer that was barely experceptible.

Dawkins resumed his pen, and began to vaway with something more than his usual

"No," said Mr. Danforth, nodding in a friend-ly manner to Harry.

"That's a good joke!" thought Dawkins, chuckling to himself. "Mr. Danforth must feel immensely flattered at having a sexton's adopted son taken for his."

"There is certainly a strong resemblance,' said the eller merchant. "I suppose he is a nanhar."

"Yery well."
"Now, my lad," said Mr. Dat.forth, addressing
Harry, "if you will be kind chough to step into
my little room, we shall have a chance to talk
undisturbed."

"Take that seat if you please," said the merchant, motioning Harry to an arm chair, and sitting down himself. Mrs. Danforth has told me from what a peril you rescued her yesterday. You must have a good deal of courage."

"I don't know," said Harry, modes'ly. "I suppose it was because I had an object in view."

"That is, your humanity gave you courage. That does not at all detract from the courage displayed. My wife and myself are both under very deep obligations to you."

"That more than repays me for all I did," said Harry, in a tone of mingled modesty and manliness.

run."
"Have you left school?" inquired the merant.
"Yes, sir. Last term closed my school life."
"I believe my wife neglected to tell me your

wered dur hero.

"Ah, yes, I know him; a very worthy man."

"An excellent man!" said Harry, war.nly.

"I am glad to hear you say so," says Mr. Danforth; "it speaks well for you that you appreciate his kindness."

"I should be very ungrateful if I did not."

", should be glad to enter into a merchant's counting-room, like your own," said Henry. "As such places are difficult to obtain, however, I think I shall try to get into a store."

Mr. Danforth reflected a moment; then, placing a piece of paper before our hero, he said:—"Well, you write your name and address on this paper, so that I may know where to find you in case I hear of a place."

Harry did as directed.

He had an excellent handwriting—a point on He had an excellent handwriting-a point on

ecuring a place in a counting-room. Indeed, it as been, for I have just thought of a place which I am quite positive I can be the means of centing to you. "Can you, sir?" said Harry, eagerly. "Where In my own counting-room," said Mr. Dan-

writing decides me. Can you come next Monday?"

"To-morrow, if you like, sir."

"Very well. I like your promptness. To-morrow let it be, then."

Here Mr. Darforth settled the terms of engagement, which were exceedingly liberal, compared with those that arecustomary.

These preliminaries over, Mr. Danforth opened the door, and advancing to Dawkins, said, "George Dawkins, let me present to you your fellow clark, Harry Conant."

Dawkins looked surprised, and anything but gratified, as he responded, "I have the honor of being already acquainted with Mr. Conant."

"He is a little jealous of an interloper, "thought Mr. Danforth, who could not avoid noticing the haughty drawing back of young Dawkins.—"Never mind, they il be well acquainted enough after a time."

fter a time."
When George Dawkin's went home to dinner, when George Dawains went nome to dinner, his father could not help observing the very distailefied look that he wore.

"Is anything amiss, my son?" he inquired,
"I should think there was," grumbled his son,
"What is it?" inquired Dawkins senior.

"We've got a new clerk, and who do you think it is?"

"Who is it?

"Indeed," said Mrs. Dawkins, "I really won-"Certainly," said her son, though he felt a

I certainly shall not," said George prompt-

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

It may be remarked that his was the only

Squire. "Hannah!" he exclaimed, not hearing the

voice, "Hannah!"
"Sir," sounded a voice faintly, from the depths of the cellar.
Squire Newcome opened the cellar door, and alled out in an authoritative tone:
'Hannah, come up immejiately, and attend to the door bell."

She was a tall, gaunt woman, dressed plainly, scantly for the season, yet there was a certain dignity in her carriage which was much more genuine than the stilted dignity of the man whom she was visiting.

"Take a reat, madam," said the Squire, stiff-ly.

"No. She died, I think, about three year."

son should be taken charge."

"You mean that he went to the Poor House."

"You mean that he went to the Poor House." "Yes."
"And I suppose he is there now?" said the coman, endeavoring to cut short the Squire's cordiness.

g: "I don't know." "I don't know."
"But where did he go from the Poor House?"
"I regret to say, madam, that he showed himself entirely incapable of appreciating the enlightened public spirit at d liberality of the town, in supplying so desirable an asylum for the benefit of those whose circumstances were limited. He even went so far as to indulge in unreasonable complaints against the manner in which the establishment was conducted—thereby," the Sourie continued soverely. "reflecting."

him and left the institution, and in spite of the most diligent inquiry and search nothing has been heard of him since."

"That is all I wanted to know," said the

CHAPTER XXXV. FELIPA VISITS THE POOR HOUSE Aunt Lucy Lee had not been forgotten by ou

ting at the contents unless she broke the seal. thich even she did not dare to do.

Still she determined to read it sooner or later

She rightly guessed that Harry's etter, if it

rize of equal value. In this, however, disappointment was ex-crienced, and not only this, but Felipa was im-

erable meanness of Dawkins, but otherwise his remarks gave him no pain. Least of all did they lead him to feel ashamed of the kind-hearted

But I'll put it up in a nice box for you, ' said